

Fox One!

by Tiger Tank

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2006-12-13 11:22:38

Updated: 2006-12-13 11:22:38

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:23:30

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,885

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Revised! A little oneshot, that's part of a story I'm hammering out. Basically a little confrontation between entrenched UNSC Marines and a mob of Brutes. A bit gory and bloody. And sucky. Haha. I sux0rz!

Fox One!

Disclaimer: I don't really own anything in the writing. Halo is the property of Bungie and Microsoft, and its materials are being used without permission. However, I would like to point out that much of fan fiction uses copyrighted material without permission. Please do not sue me - you won't be getting much out of me. This little one-shot is just for fun, and to help me figure out what I want to do with a big fic I'm planning.

This may contain vulgar language, violence, gore, and maybe some hints at sex.

Author's Note/Introduction: This is a little one-shot - probably what will be one of many - to help me figure out what I want to do with some fic I'm planning out. The characters may or may not be seen again. Don't get excited, though - my writing sucks. So it probably won't be much different from this crappy one-shot. I'm aware that I'm a lousy writer - so please don't post reviews or send me private messages stating the bleedin' obvious. If you've got something constructive to say, I beg of you to please tell me what's on your mind. Otherwise, how else can I possibly improve? Also, I would encourage readers/reviewers to refrain from submitting inane, pointless, and non-constructive reviews filled with empty praises or pointless insults/flames. It's a waste of your time, it's a waste of my time, and you're killing the intarwubs.

I'm planning to have something like this in the later parts of my story. Also, the story takes place after the events on Delta Halo (that is, shortly after Halo 2). I'm still trying to research the dates and stuff, so...yeah. That's why I don't really specify dates

in this.

I may also fail to explain certain things in this one-shot - that's because it will probably be covered in the main fic I'm trying to hammer out.

--Tiger Tank (A.K.A.: RedGuard6)

Anyway...here goes.

Working Title: \*\*\_"Fox one!"\_\*\*

By Tiger Tank (A.K.A.: RedGuard6)

UNSC Agricultural Planet "Bountiful."

> Somewhere in the capitol city "Prosperity."<br> 1124 hours, local time. (Date is undetermined)

"Up! \_Get up!\_ Wake it and shake it! The Covies are bringin' yer coffee!"

"Off the streets! \_Mortars!\_"

"\_Al! \_Over here! \_Hurry up!\_" A pair of Marines gestured toward a third as they lay in their foxhole.

As if by cue, a massive ball of plasma descended with deceptive slowness before exploding on the ground right before the Marine corporal. Thrown off his feet from the shockwave that shook the ground, Corporal Caruso averted his eyes from the brilliant, silvery cloud as it vaporized the pair of Marines hunkered down in the foxhole he'd just been running for. Caruso spared a glance back at the glassed foxhole and found no trace of his comrades-in-arms - just a smoldering, glassine crater.

\_Fuck!\_

Wide-eyed, Alfonso Caruso continued his search for cover. A pair of familiar faces - a Marine and a civilian - waving to him from the entrance to an apartment. "Al! Get your butt movin'! \_C'mon!\_" Caruso sprinted towards them, his shotgun seeming cold and heavy in his hands, urging himself to move faster. Despite his pleas, he seemed to advance toward them at a snail's pace. Another mortar exploded close by, pelting him with debris. Oddly enough, he could feel no heat coming from the ensuing plasma cloud. All sound seemed to stop, except for an uncomfortable, sustained, ringing tone that seemed to emanate from inside his own head. For some reason he thought, \_gods, I smell bad. I need a hot shower. \_Pushing the random thought aside, he kept running.

After what felt like a lifetime, the corporal bolted through the doorway and slammed into a wall. "\_OOMPH!\_" Al grunted, bouncing off the offending wall and falling onto his back. Rubbing his head, Caruso found that he was bleeding from a cut; he suddenly became aware that someone was chuckling. "\_Shit\_, Al! You all right?" The Marine and the civilian both extended gloved hands towards him. They were both grinning in equal parts relief and amusement. A few more marines hurried into the room, but none of them assaulted the wall like Al had just done. The corporal accepted the help and was hauled to his feet - Al was somewhat surprised that the civilian had very

little difficulty helping him up. He also noted the Jackal shield unit on the man's left forearm.

"Damn, man," the civilian - a young man with dark stubble on his chin - snickered as he clapped the corporal's armored shoulder, "that wall owe you \_money\_, or something?"

"Oh, drop dead, Dave," Caruso retorted, dusting himself off. The dark-haired, trench-coat-wearing man grinned wolfishly from behind his glasses, as the young, mousey-faced, blonde woman adopted a slightly worried expression; her nametag read "Geffar, M." The Marine frowned at Alfonso, "seriously, Al, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, Sandy. I'm not hit, right?" She shook her head. Briefly, Corporal Caruso looked around the room, taking a count and trying to see who he was working with. "Hey...have either of you seen Jean?" His two companions shook their heads. "Last I saw, he was with Zassenhaus and Sergeant Burke," Sandy replied. The corporal shoved aside his concern for his missing friend and compatriot, then he addressed everyone within earshot, "alright, get ready for Covenant ground troops - they'll probably be right behind that artillery barrage!"

Just as he finished that sentence, someone cried out on the all-hands channel: "\_contact! Lots of contact!\_" The voice suddenly erupted into a shrill, gut-wrenching, gurgling scream that caused Caruso to wince. Outside, the rest of the platoon erupted as they opened fire upon something out of his view. Hastily moving to a window, the corporal could see that a mob of Brutes was advancing upon Second Platoon's position, blazing away with their plasma rifles and Brute shot grenade-launchers. The aliens snarled and grunted promises of death as they charged toward the defensive position. The Marines unfortunate enough to not have made it into any nearby structures were mowed down where they lay, torn apart and blasted by the deadly Brute shot grenades and crimson plasma bolts.

"Let 'em have it!" Caruso bellowed as he brought his shotgun up to his shoulder. The room erupted with the deafening boom of his shotgun, and the barking of the other marines' battle rifles. Dave rested a captured heavy plasma cannon upon a window's edge and let off short bursts at the mass of furred aliens. The lethal combination of plasma bolts, rifled slugs, thirty-caliber rounds, and 9.5mm rounds seemed to have little effect on the tough hides of the elephantine/simian aliens. Despite the seeming lack of effect, a considerable number of the hulking Brutes still fell under the withering barrage.

By sheer chance, a pair of Spectres loaded with Elites warbled onto the scene. Seemingly caught by surprise, the ranking Elites on the vehicles directed their brethren to take advantage of this opportunity, and ordered the gunners to fire. The energy cannons on the alien craft unleashed a torrent of blue plasma upon the battlefield, mowing down most of the Brutes. The others fired plasma rifles from their mounts into the horde of Brutes. Caught between two foes, some of the hot-headed Brutes began berserking and barreled toward the Elites in the Spectres.

The Elites' sheer volume of fire took most of the Brutes down, but a few still managed to slip through. A pair of Brutes leapt aboard one of the Spectres and began pounding the Elites seated in the vehicle.

At that moment, a plasma mortar destroyed the second Spectre, obliterating all four of the Elites manning the craft. In mere seconds, a massive, armored, purple behemoth hovered onto the scene. The few, surviving Brutes roared and returned their attention to the filthy, primitive humans.

The Wraith began firing its side-mounted laser cannons, raking the buildings - that the survivors of Second Platoon were holed up in - with a flurry of blue plasma bolts. Everyone hastily took cover.

His back to the wall, next to the window, Caruso grimly inspected the faces of the other fighters with him - two of the other marines had fallen, killed by enemy plasma fire; their corpses lay on the floor, one of them burned beyond recognition. "How's everyone's ammo?" he asked.

"Running low, Al," Private Geffar replied. The others echoed her statement. Dave gesticulated at the depleted and ruined heavy plasma cannon on the floor with a scowl on his face. "Gimme a thirty-cal, any day," he muttered. "Frikk'in piece of alien trash."

A Brute suddenly grabbed Caruso from outside the window, making the corporal yelp in surprise. In seconds, Dave had drawn a short sword - a reproduction of an ancient Roman gladius, Caruso would later learn - and began hacking away at the Brute's furred arm. "Careful where you're swinging that, man!" Al cried out. The civilian ignored him, barking at the Brute as he stabbed and slashed the alien, "leggo, you frikkin' furball!" The gladius proved to be surprisingly sharp, as the Brute soon howled in pain and released Caruso, withdrawing its bloodied arm. He and Dave ducked as the other marines opened up on the Brute, causing it to howl and topple onto its back. A second later, continuous plasma fire began raking the windows, forcing the marines to take cover.

"Second Platoon!" Lieutenant Harada barked over the comm channel, "we've gotta take out that Wraith! Where's my heavy weapons?"

"Zee's hit, ma'am." Caruso instantly recognized Burke's calm voice. Harada, however, growled in frustration. "Well, don't you know how to work a fuckin' rocket-launcher, Sergeant? Or better yet, have Private Bianchi do it!" she snapped. "L-T, we're pinned down," the sergeant protested. "We couldn't even get a shot off if we tried."

"Well, try anyway, damn it!"

"Ma'am, we don't even have a clear line of fire..."

Harada exploded into a tirade of profanities and obscenities that would make a UNSC Navy crewman blush. She cursed the gods, she cursed the UNSC - she cursed just about everyone anyone could have thought of at that moment. Alfonso racked his brain for a solution, but kept coming up blank. "What's going on, Al?" Sandy queried. Given the sheer number of personnel in the UNSC - despite the war - and the fact that the government was comprised of stingy, greedy, corrupt official and politicians, helmet radios were usually reserved for both commissioned and non-commissioned officers. Only elite units like the vaunted Orbital Drop Shock Troopers were each equipped with helmet radios - and even that was somewhat rare. In response to

Geffar's question, Caruso sighed, "our heavy weapons are pinned down. Harada's trying to get them to take out the Wraith, but..." a burst of plasma fire suddenly raked through the window, downing another marine. The others shifted into crouching positions and held their weapons at the ready. Abruptly, Dave raised his hand and said, "I've a suggestion." Caruso shot him a puzzled glance, but saw the resolve in the man's eyes.

"Ma'am," Caruso spoke up on the channel, "the zoomie's got something."

"\_What the fuck\_ \_can\_ \_he\_ \_do?\_" To Al's amusement, he noticed that Geffar seemed ready to voice that very same question. However, the private had the sense to hold her tongue.

"We'll need plasma grenades and covering fire," Dave explained, "we'll approach the Wraith with a flanking maneuver and make like Panzer Grenadiers - then we'll \_frag\_ that alien sardine can." Caruso smiled. "Lieutenant, we're gonna stick the Wraith with plasma grenades." Harada caught on immediately. "\_Get on it, Corporal. Radio us when you're ready to move.\_" Across the street, Al caught a glimpse of the Lieutenant flashing him a thumbs-up. He returned the gesture.

"Yes, ma'am." Caruso turned to face Geffar, Dave, and the remaining marine - \_PFC M'butu, D.\_, according to his name-tag and his insignia. "Alright. Let's find the back door and sneak into the alleys. Try not to do too much shooting, 'cause we don't want any undue attention. You get me?"

"Loud 'n clear," Dave nodded. Geffar and M'butu affirmed that they understood. Caruso nodded, "move out!"

Quickly and stealthily, they slipped out the back door of the structure and proceeded down the dark, dank alley. With Dave and Caruso on point, they trotted, followed by Geffar, then M'butu. They oriented themselves by indirectly following the sounds of the Wraith's energy cannons being discharged, making sure to avoid going out into the street. With little incident, they finally arrived at the target location and crept toward the street. They could see the brilliant muzzle flashes of the pulsing energy cannons as they spat volleys of silvery-blue death down the street. To their unpleasant surprise, the few surviving Brutes stood guard at the sides of the Wraith. Just as one of the sentries was about to look in their direction, the fire-team quickly took up concealment positions behind a dumpster that was filled beyond capacity with trash bags. The stuff smelled awful - like a mixture of various types of fecal matter, heavily perfumed cat litter, rotten fish, and heaven-knew-what-else. Dave, being the closest to the disgusting pile, made a face at Al, and the corporal rolled his eyes in response.

"Nice cover," the civilian fighter commented dryly as he put a kerchief over his nose and mouth.

"We'll have to move quickly," Caruso said in a low voice, ignoring Dave. "Everyone break out those plasma grenades." Everyone rummaged and fumbled through their pockets and pouches, and they pooled together a dozen plasma grenades. "Who wants to make the run?" Al asked, looking each of his comrades in the eye. "Whoever's staying behind is gonna provide covering fire."

"Well, I'm going, no matter what," Dave stated flatly. "Thanks to the stupid UNSC ban on firearms, I don't have a gun. Plus, I can make use of my shield."

"Fine," Al said quickly. There wasn't any time to argue, after all. "Who's going with him?" Neither Geffar, nor M'butu volunteered. "I guess I'm going," Caruso sighed. He took six of the grenades and handed the rest to Dave. The civilian stuffed the grenades into a rucksack pouch secured to his belt, and into his pockets. Al stowed his own grenades into the pouches attached to hardpoints on his body armor vest. The corporal clicked his boom mike on.

"L-T, we're ready to make our move," he whispered. "I count about five Brutes around the target."

"\_Roger, Caruso,\_" Harada acknowledged. "\_Snake! Hawkeye! Take 'em out!\_"

"\_They don't even stand a chance,\_" a man's voice replied.

Two 14.5mm bullets suddenly pierced through a couple of the Brute sentries, the massive rounds creating horrendous exit wounds. Purple blood fountained out the backs of the aliens' skulls, along with bits of brain matter and fragments of bone. At once, the rest of Second Platoon opened up, drawing the Brutes' full attention upon them. The Wraith blazed away with its side-mounted cannons in response. "Let's \_go!\_" Al bellowed. Dave nodded and charged forward with his stolen energy shield activated. The bewildered Brutes looked on in shock as Caruso leaped aboard the Wraith tank, and hastily began activating and placing his grenades on the hatch. The devices flared to life and stuck in place, becoming little blue flames on the Wraith's gleaming, purple hull. In seconds, he was off and running back for cover, firing his shotgun wildly from the hip and at the Brutes.

Dave charged another of the furry aliens, activated a plasma grenade of his own, and stuck it onto the alien at the last possible moment. The beast howled as the device began fusing itself into its flesh, burning through the thick, matted fur and its thick hide before the grenade detonated in a silvery-white cloud, vaporizing most of the alien's body, including part of its head. The remains hit the pavement with a sickly, fleshy series of thumps. Dave had already drawn his short sword when the Wraith tank's hatch exploded in a cloud of plasma; the hovering tank suddenly veered off and rammed into a nearby building, causing the structure to collapse upon it. It continued to accelerate into the building, pressing its hull into the rubble.

The remaining Brute howled in fury and hurled its plasma rifle at Dave. However, in its rage, the creature had miscalculated and the rifle bounced off the pavement in front of the civilian - it still caused Dave to flinch and bring up his energy shield. The alien was a blur of fur, muscle, and claws as it suddenly bull-charged him with incredible speed that belied its appearance. The shield flared as it overloaded and was suddenly overwhelmed by the hulking mass of muscle - the Brute struck Dave with its massive, broad shoulder. The civilian was hurled backward by the impact, flying for several meters, before landing on his back. To his credit, the sword never left his hand.

"Dave! \_Dave, get up!\_" Geffar shrieked. M'butu had already brought his battle rifle up and had the stock braced against his shoulder, lining his sights up with the Brute. Gasping for breath, Dave staggered to his feet and took note of the Brute right before him. He swung his sword, aiming for the beast's throat, but struck the creature's face, instead. The Brute roared furiously at the stinging irritation and rammed him, again, sending him flying into a building wall. The civilian hit the ground in a crumpled heap and did not move.

"Hit 'im, \_now!\_" Al bellowed as he cocked his M90 shotgun. From the hip, he nailed the Brute in the shoulder, the rifled slug causing the simian alien to falter. The marines nearly emptied their magazines before they finally cut down the Brute with their fierce and desperate fusillade. The furred alien toppled onto its belly and stopped moving as it lay in the street, resting in a pool of purple blood. As Caruso and M'butu stepped out and checked the area, Sandy trotted over to Dave and knelt by him, rolling him onto his back, eliciting a pained grunt. His expression was agonized, and a thin flow of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth. Blood flowed down his forehead, and the side of his face from a cut on his head.

"Hey," Geffar greeted him with a wan smile, "you look like shit. You all right?"

Dave started to laugh, but broke off into a groan. "Glad I look the part, 'cause I really \_feel\_ like shit. Can't move my arms...fuckin' hurts too much..." he grunted, "...I feel like I just got run over by a \_Scorpion tank\_..."

"All clear over here!" Corporal Caruso yelled, slinging his shotgun over his shoulder as he rushed over. Giving the wounded civilian a once-over, he added, "I need a medic!" One of Bravo Company's medics hurried forward as Al stood over Dave. "You okay?" he asked. Whatever remained of Second Platoon began entering the street and fanning out. Caruso spotted Lieutenant Harada on the line with Kowalski nearby. Probably calling for medevac, Al thought with a hint of respect. "Hardass Harada" may have been a spiteful bitch, but she had her priorities straight. The corporal returned his attention to his injured comrade and repeated his inquiry, "you alive, man?"

"I'm wishing I wasn't," Dave admitted. Geffar slapped his leg forcefully. "Don't say crap like that!" she admonished him. His only reply was to smile sheepishly. At that moment, the medic arrived and took a quick look at him. "He'll need to head back to the aid station, at least," the marine medic said, "hell, he might even be lucky enough to go back to the base," the marines chuckled.

"Sarah's gonna have your \_balls\_ when she hears about this," Sandy grinned.

"Oh?" Dave smirked, "I don't know if I'll be \_up \_to it." Private Geffar frowned disapprovingly and punched his leg, causing him to involuntarily wince. Alfonso and the marine medic snickered.

"Caruso!"

The corporal stiffened as he turned to face Harada, who had seemingly

appeared out of nowhere. Her characteristic scowl was in place. "Lieutenant," he respectfully inclined his head toward her. The platoon leader's frown deepened, "ease up, Al. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you were trying to give me away to Covie snipers."

"Sorry, ma'am."

"\_Don't be\_. You guys did good, today." Caruso, the Medic, and Sandy exchanged bewildered expressions. However, Harada suddenly shot a smoldering glare at Dave, "except \_you\_! What the \_fuck\_ is wrong with you, you \_shit-faced maggot\_?"

"\_Lieutenant!\_" Al's eyes widened. The marine officer ignored him.

"Are you trying to prove you've got \_balls\_?" Harada snarled down at the supine civilian, taking a step toward him. "Taking on a fucking Brute, alone, with that piece-of-shit \_Jackal shield\_ and that ridiculous, over-sized \_kitchen knife\_? Are you trying to prove that you're a \_big man\_?" The Marines stared on, in shock, while Dave swallowed and remained strangely calm. "Are you \_trying\_ to get yourself and \_my\_ Marines killed? You pull that kind of stupid shit again and \_I'll\_ fucking shoot you, myself!\_ Do you get me, \_zoomie\_?"

"Yes'm," Dave rasped flatly. "Loud 'n clear."

"\_Good.\_" Harada looked down, and gave Dave a small smile and a respectful nod. Then, she moved onward, barking out orders and taking a head count; the medic was called elsewhere. M'butu joined Caruso and Geffar and arched an eyebrow. "What the \_fuck\_ was \_that\_ \_all\_ about?" Geffar and Caruso exchanged startled and puzzled glances.

"I think the good Lieutenant was thanking Dave for helping us save the day," Al opined.

"Really?" Dave asked jokingly, "I thought she was just chewing on my fat ass."

Time passed as the more severely wounded casualties were transferred back to the aid station - from there, most of them were transferred back to the base hospital for treatment. As M'butu was called away, the trio began chatting about nothing in particular as they waited for Dave to be taken back to the aid station. Before they knew it, it was Dave's turn to leave.

"Well, I'll be seeing you guys," the civilian commented as he was carefully loaded into the back of a Warthog. "Don't disappoint Sarah!" Sandy teased as she waved. Alfonso smiled, "catch you later, Dave!" The marines stared after the Warthog as it left. Their thoughts were interrupted as someone cleared his throat. "What're you guys lookin' at?" The two Marines turned around and smiled.

"Jean!" they exclaimed. Private Bianchi gave them a small smile, which quickly faded away. "What's wrong?" Sandy asked. Jean shook his head, "the L-T just got off the horn with the company CP. We're getting some more civilian auxiliaries...and we're being pulled back." Geffar and Al exchanged puzzled expressions, not quite following. "So?" Alfonso queried, "isn't that a good thing? Maybe we



can grab a little R&R, get some sack-time..."

"Everyone's being pulled back to the base perimeter," Jean cut in. Geffar and Caruso began to ponder upon the implications of this news - and realization slowly began to dawn upon their exhausted minds. "Bravo Company is going to be doing combat sweeps outside the perimeter, and Covenant forces have been sighted amassing nearby."

"I don't understand, Jean," Sandy frowned.

"We're completely cut off, Sandy." Jean grimaced. "We're making our last stand."

**\*\*The End (of the one-shot)?\*\***

Author's Notes: Oh yeah. For those who don't know, "Fox one/two/three" is something that is uttered by a fighter pilot who has just fired a guided, air-to-air missile from his aircraft. It's usually used by American pilots, but...well...the terminology is popular with combat pilots from other nations, as well (probably due to the movies, eh?). Other such jargon is popular, as well (ex: "bandit" or "bogey"). If I remember correctly, "fox two" is for IR-guided missiles (like the AIM-9 Sidewinder and the AA11 Archer), and "fox one" is for semi-active-radar-guided missiles (like the AIM-7 Sparrow - where the pilot has to maintain a solid radar lock on the target to guide the missile to its target). "Fox Three" is used for active-radar-guided missiles (the vaunted fire-and-forget missiles, like the AIM-120 Advanced Medium Air-to-Air Missile (AMRAAM)).

Of course...I don't know why I decided to give my one-shot(s) (a) title(s) like that. It was random and unrelated. Hehehe.

Also, given the limited resources that the UNSC has, I theorize/hypothesize that very few soldiers actually get their hands on helmet radios and other communications devices - only the officers and the non-coms are probably equipped with them. I have the feeling that this is similar to what the United States military does for their infantry units. Also, to further support this notion, hasn't anyone noticed that only the Marine non-coms and the commissioned officers seem to have radios in the games? Whenever the privates speak, they're not using radios. If I'm mistaken, however, please correct me. Especially my hypothesis/notion about the American military.

I feel my somewhat educated guess is correct, based on the fact that the United States military skimps on equipment and produces lousy quality gear and equipment. Like the M16A2 (lackluster cartridge, overcomplicated mechanism, shoddy gas operation system,...)...bleh. Although, the British L85s or SA80s (the early ones, in particular) were supposedly even worse than the M16. If I'm not mistaken, though, the Brits are buying and/or using quite a few Heckler und Koch weapons, are they not?

Also, given the current political atmosphere (circa 2006-2007) surrounding the ownership of firearms, I figure that in the future (circa 2552), the United Nations (being run by a pack of insidious, duplicitous, scheming, Communists) would place a ban on civilian ownership of firearms, for the sake of "preserving the peace" and to

"prevent criminals from readily gaining access to firearms". Of course, any sensible and intelligent person would immediately label that reasoning and line of logic as a load of malarkey and a grab for power, by the government(s). This is a theme I intend to push in the main story, for all the good it'd do. But I may not implement it, anyway. At least...maybe not in the sense that I'm trying for.

Whatever. I suck. My writing sucks. And as for the story-related details...I'm not going to reveal them. It'll all become clear once I manage to finish the story and hammer everything out.

Oh. And I'm sure some of you will notice some not-so-subtle references to the PC version of Call of Duty. I love that game. It's no simulator (I tend to lean toward realism, but I still like having fun), but it's still pretty darned fun (see?). Shut up, parenthesized text (No! You shut up!!)

Yes...yes, I'm an eccentric. Fwahahaha! And a dumbass.

Tiger Tank.

End  
file.